

PROGRESSIVE EUCRE.
Send at once to JOHN SEABASTIAN, U. S. A. C. R. L.
P. O. Box 10, Chicago, and receive, postage paid, the
slightest of cards you ever handled. TEN CENTS
per pack, postage stamps, for one or many.

Remember that the
best route to Chicago from Lincoln
(through Omaha) is
via the "Rock Island."
The Dining Cars are all
new and elegant; the
service everybody knows
is the best in
the United States.
Have newer and better Sleepers,
handsome Day Coaches,
best Reclining Chair Cars,
and the train is new and the
handsomest that runs from
Lincoln to Chicago (via Omaha).
If you want to be
convinced of this fact,
compare it with other
so-called first-class lines.
Tickets for sale by
CHAS. RUTHERFORD,
City Passenger Agent,
In the Hotel "Lincoln."

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EXPENSIVE LIVING!

No matter what others do or say, we still
give you the

Newest and
Best Grades of **SHOES**

At LOWER PRICES than others.

You can save money by buying your
Boots and Shoes of

WEBSTER & ROGERS,
1043 O Street.

Special Prices

— AT THE —

LEADER

NEW STORE,

1211 O STREET

We will not be undersold by anyone.
Good cloaks for \$1, regular \$2 goods.
Nice cloaks for \$1.50, regular \$3 goods.
Elegant cloaks for \$2, regular \$4.00 goods.
Other grades at just about half price.
Boys' suits \$1.00 worth \$2.00.
Boys' suits \$1.50 worth \$3.00.
Boys' suits \$2.00 worth \$4.00.
Plus, in a paper.
Needles, in a paper.
Agate buttons in a gross.
Rubber tipped lead pencils 10c doz.
Uttering iron c.
4c wool hose only 25c.
Fast black corsets 50c, worth 75c.
Turkish towels 4c each.
100 sheets writing paper 12c.
Gents 60c Laid thread hose only 25c.
Special prices in underwear.
Special prices in lace curtains.
Special prices in ribbons, finest stock in
Lincoln.
Special prices in linens of all kinds.
Special prices in tinware and hardware.
Feathers and tips at half price.
50,000 cards hooks and eyes, all sizes, in a
card.
Silk twist, in a spool.
Silk thread 4c a spool.
No trouble to show goods. We are here for
that purpose. We will not be undersold by
anyone.
Remember the place.

The Leader,

NEW STORE,

1211 O STREET,

The Great Cheap Store.

JOHN WANNAMAKER
PAYS A MAN
\$10,000 A YEAR
JUST TO WRITE & SUPERIN-
TEND HIS ADVERTISING.
IT PAYS JOHN.
YOU CAN BE ENTER-
PRISING IN PROPORTION.

Loyden Leading
PHOTOGRAPHER

Fine Rust Cabinets \$3 per dozen. Spect
rates to students. Call and see our work.
Open from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Sundays.
Studio, 1214 O Str e

BOWLING IN CHICAGO.

Account of a Unique Bowling Club with
a Liege Lord.

The Edelweiss Bowling club was organized some seven or eight years ago by the late George Schoenhofen, who, until his death in England, was its president and dictator. His successor is E. W. Wagner, a bright and jolly board of trade man. Besides Dictator Wagner there are eleven other members, but it is scarcely worth while to record their names here, for they have no more voice in the affairs of the club than have the subjects of the shah of Persia in affairs of state or Mayor Washburne in the proceedings of the common council.

This apparent abasement is not because the Edelweiss are lightweights—far from it, for among the members are two or three board of trade men of the aggressive sort, the chief clerk of one of the highest courts in Cook county, a capitalist or two, a leading light in the wholesale dry goods business, a big hide and tallow broker and several others who in private and business life are not accustomed to dictatorship. Yet in the Edelweiss club Dictator Wagner reigns supreme.

From the moment the members meet in the bowling alley of the Germania club—the members of the Edelweiss being also members of the great German organization—they sink their native independence and, figuratively, bend the knee to their temporarily liege lord and whilom master, the Grand Bashaw Wagner.

The chief offices of the club are distributed as follows:
President, Dictator.
First vice president,
Second vice president,
Third vice president,
Treasurer,
Financial secretary,
Recording secretary,
Auditor,
Keeper of the bowls,
Keeper of the seal and soap,
Captain of the bowlers,
Custodian of the records,
Guardian of the chalks,
Watchman of the sponges.

Once there was a constitution of the Edelweiss club, but it was long ago abolished by Dictator Wagner. However, a few of the rules of procedure and bylaws intermingled still remain. Here are a few extracts:
No motions are debatable.
No motion that is seconded is properly before the house. The motion can only be seconded after it has been carried.
If it is too heavy to carry by hand or viva voce the services of the janitor and a derrick may be invoked.
The game shall begin when the first ball is rolled down the alley and end when the last ball is rolled.

Members must remain seated during the regular proceedings of the club, standing committees being the only exceptions to this rule.

The funds of the club must be deposited by the treasurer in three leading banks to be named by the president dictator. The financial secretary shall report to the auditor any financial irregularities, defalcations or embezzlements on the part of the treasurer. No money of the treasury of the club shall be loaned to strangers except upon a two-thirds vote of the club.

Any member in good standing over thirty years of age, and who shall have attended all meetings of the club for six consecutive months, shall receive a pension from the club of ten pilsners per month.

In making strikes but one ball is allowed; in spares two balls.

In disposing of valuables three balls.

Motions may be taken from the table, but not removed from the room without special permit from the chair.

An amendment to strike out can only be considered during the summer months, when the members are playing baseball.

Motions to set up the cigars are not withdrawable.

Last Tuesday evening, the regular meeting night of the Edelweiss, I was permitted to be present. Of the bowling itself I can best speak with the silhouettes I have drawn and which the printer has strewn throughout this article.

At the "business meeting" of the club a member arose and mildly suggested the impeachment of the entire board of officers. There had been, the objecting member explained, a half dollar in the treasury unaccounted for. "I fear," he shouted, "that our worthy treasurer is speculating on the board of trade." The resignation of all the officers was asked for by the eleven members of the club who do not hold office. The twelfth, who holds them all, declined to abdicate. "I am dictator," he said quietly, but firmly, "and only a civil war can remove me."

The club immediately nominated a brand new slate, and with only one dissenting vote it was immediately elected. The dissenting vote was that of the ex-dictator.

The new officers were as follows:
President, Dictator.
First vice president,
Second vice president,
Third vice president,
Treasurer,
Financial secretary,
Recording secretary,
Auditor,
Keeper of the bowls,
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Captain of the bowlers,
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Guardian of the chalks,
Watchman of the sponges.

"I thank you, gentlemen, for this vindication," calmly spoke the newly elected dictator as he resumed his place on the throne chair. "And, by the way, gentlemen, you are assessed eighty-five cents each for expenses incurred during the election just held."—Charles Lederer in the Chicago Herald.



ONLY ONE DOWN

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A New Number.

The boy was going along the street looking for the number of a house, when he saw out:

"Say, mom, how much is a hundred and fifty?"

"I don't know," she said. "I never heard of such a number."

"Well, there it is, right there over that big door anyway," and looking in the direction indicated the mother saw the well known Old Fellows' L. O. O. F. and an explanation became necessary.—Detroit Free Press.

Large Steaks.



Hungry Guest—How is this? I ordered a steak and a poached egg. I see the egg, but not the steak.

Table Attendant—Dat's all right, sah. De steak am under de egg.—Texas Siftings.

A Change of Base.

There were seven of us—all men—dumped out on the platform of the station at 10 o'clock at night to wait an hour and a half. However, as some sort of offset, there was a fairly comfortable waiting room and a good fire. We had all found seats, when an oldish man, who afterward admitted that he was a butter and egg buyer in Indianapolis, took out a notebook and pencil and said:

"Gentlemen, we have thus been thrown together. It is only natural that we should talk. I favor that, and will do my full share, but what I object to is lying. I want to give you all fair notice that if there is a story told here I'm going to demand dates, names, places and all other particulars. I'm going to pin the man who tells it right down to facts, and if I find he's lying I'll expose him. Now, then, some one lead off."

Not a word was said in reply, but everybody assumed the most comfortable position possible and prepared himself to kill time. Everything was very quiet for half an hour, and I was almost asleep, when the old man arose, yawned, and kicking the stove to make as much noise as he could, he exclaimed:

"Here, now, let everybody wake up! Gentlemen, I want to beg your pardon. For forty years I have been a great stickler for truth and hated a liar, but events have occurred this evening to cause me to change my mind. Get up here, somebody, and start a story, and the bigger the lie it is the quicker I will hand out this flask for him to wet his whistle!"

We all roused up, and beginning with the man nearest the stove we all told a story with a dozen whopping big lies in it, and when the last man had finished the butter and egg buyer clapped his hands, stamped his feet, and said:

"How could I have ever made such a mistake? Gentlemen, from this time on I'm the champion old liar of Indianapolis, and don't you forget it!"—Detroit Free Press.

Will Recover.

Over the doomed suburbs of the great city swept the cyclone, scattering death and destruction in its path. Broken timbers, loose shingles, fragments of tree tops, and all the horrible wreckage that hurries madly through the air when the storm demon flings his giant arms aloft streaked the lanky sky.

In the ruins of a stately mansion, located on what had once been the fairest residential street of the suburb lay a man lying in the prime of life, breathing but unconscious. He was lying on a mattress. His hands were grasping firmly the sides of it, as if he had mechanically tried to save himself by bringing the mattress together over his body when the dreadful shock came.

In this position he was found. Friends leaned over him.

"He breathes," they said. "He is still alive!"

They lifted him gently. He opened his lips and something like a groan came from them.

Then he moved uneasily, and in a strong voice he said:

"I'll bet a thousand dollars to a cent we've run into another thundering old milk train!"—Chicago Tribune.

Her Account of It.

Mrs. G. was much interested in a mission Sunday school in one of our large cities, and spent an hour or two every Sunday afternoon with a class of little girls—poor street waifs that had been gathered in.

Upon one occasion, when the last lesson had been about the ten virgins, five of whom were wise and five foolish, the teacher asked, as was her custom, who in the class could tell anything about the lesson of the previous Sunday. One little girl, who had never been in a Sunday school in her life until the week before, was on her feet in an instant and said:

"Please, mum, I ken. It was a weddin and there was ten 'em."

And there the child stood, a touching little picture, with her pinched figure and poverty stricken dress, telling in her street dialect the whole story, no point of which she lost. Pathetic as it was, it was irresistibly funny when she closed by saying,

"And them as hasn't got no oil in their lamps says to them as has to 'give 'em some,' and them as has got oil in their lamps says to them as hasn't, 'Be off wid yez, and go to the grocery and git yer own kerosene.'"—New York Tribune.

Way Up.

Hicks—Mr. Bombom, I understand, is one of the literati of our city.

Wicks—Yes, he is employed on The Morning Squealer.

Hicks—Does he write those able editorials that delight me so much, I wonder?

Wicks—Oh, no; he doesn't fritter away his talents on editorial writing. His literary work is directed in an entirely different channel. He gets up the cane contests, sends up the balloons, touches off the fireworks and concocts statistics to boom the paper's circulation. Mr. Bombom, in short, is way up in the literary line.—Boston Transcript.

AN EX-DIPLOMATIST

ENGLAND'S FUTURE QUEEN.

The Fiancee of Wales' Eldest Son Was Once Jilted by the Son of a Peer.
[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—Princess Mary of Teck, whose engagement to the eldest son of the Prince of Wales has just been officially announced, and who is destined at some future period, that cannot possibly be far distant, to become queen of Great Britain and empress of India, is a young damsel fair of feature and amiable of character whose existence until now has not been altogether of roses. For she has been subjected to the slight of being deliberately jilted, not by a prince of the blood, but by a young man who, although he bears the courtesy title of Viscount Weymouth, is nothing but a mere commoner in the eyes of the law. He is the eldest son and heir of the Marquis of Bath, and it was in deference to the latter's wishes, and even commands, that he deliberately broke off his engagement to be married to Princess Mary of Teck.

The objection raised by the marquis to the match were of peculiar character and likely to rankle for many a year in the hearts of the royal family of Great Britain in general, and in that of the Duchess elect of Clarence in particular; nor is it probable that when the latter ascends the throne of England as Queen Mary, that the ancient family whose chief Lord Bath is will be very cordially welcomed at court. It appears that the marquis, who is famed throughout the kingdom not only for his wealth but also for his intense pride and arrogance, regarded Princess Mary's birth as not sufficiently good to admit of her becoming the mistress of Longleat. For although her mother, the Duchess of Teck, a sister of the Duke of Cambridge, is of English blood royal, yet her father, the Duke of Teck, is, like Prince Henry of Battenberg, merely the issue of a morganatic or left hand marriage between a Wurtemberg princeling and an Austrian countess.

The slight to Princess Mary was rendered all the more flagrant by her faithless lover's marriage a year later to Violet Mordaunt, the girl whose inopportune birth in 1869 led to the great Mordaunt divorce case in 1870, a divorce case in which the Prince of Wales, together with his friends, Sir Frederick Johnstone and Lord Cole, were cited by the plaintiff, Sir Charles Mordaunt, as co-respondents. What the inducements may have been by which the marquis was led to give his consent to the match I am unable to say, but they must have been of an extraordinary nature.

While the family of Princess Mary is liked in England, it cannot be said that it enjoys any particular respect or esteem on the part of either the classes or the masses. The brothers of the future queen have already acquired an unenviable reputation both in the regiments to which they belong and in society generally for their stupidity and for their extravagance. Indeed, both of the elder boys have already got into the hands of the money lenders, and quite a number of "kites" bearing their princely signatures are flying about London. This is all the more inexcusable in view of the exceedingly straitened circumstances of their parents, who on one memorable occasion were reduced to such a predicament as to render it necessary that a public sale of their effects, including many heirlooms, should be held.

Moreover, Princess Mary's father, the Duke of Teck, has been the hero of quite a number of escapades which have given great offense to the royal family, and especially to Queen Victoria. No less than twice has his brother-in-law, the Duke of Cambridge, been obliged to follow him to the Continent, to which he had eloped with either the one or the other of his daughter's governesses, and the old Duke of Cambridge has often been heard to remark in times now happily gone by that the work of "keeping Brother-in-law Frank straight" was almost as difficult as that entailed by his duties as commander in chief of the British army.

Moreover, the Duke of Teck has, perhaps in consequence of the studied hauteur and even insolence of the British aristocracy toward him, been in the habit of seeking his associates among those hangers on of society who are looked upon askance and with undisguised contempt by those within the sacred circle, and I myself have been the witness of the grossest rudeness toward the father of the future queen of England on the part of an English peer and his friends. It was on the occasion of the wedding of the peer's daughter and the duke, who was acquainted with both the bride and the latter's parents, called at the house for the purpose of offering his good wishes and congratulations in person.

On the groom of the chambers announcing his name, the peer ordered aloud the servant to inform the duke that neither himself nor his wife, nor yet the young bride, were "at home." These directions, given amid a hum of approbation on the part of the guests, were received with an ill concealed titter by his servants down stairs, and it was with a face betraying signs of humiliation that the duke re-entered his carriage.

Moreover, when he volunteered his services at the time of the Anglo-Egyptian war in 1882, instead of being in trusted with an active and responsible command such as his war record as a brilliant Austrian cavalry officer should have entitled him to obtain, he was merely placed in charge of the postal service of the expeditionary force, an appointment which under the circumstances could not be regarded as anything else than a deliberate insult. The duke, however, bore this slight as he has done many others, patiently and with a certain amount of dignity, and performed his uncongenial duties well.

It is a long lane, however, that has no turning, and his time of tribulation may be considered as at an end. For the same persons who were so very ready to slight that rank outsider of the royal family, the foreign and morganatic born Duke of Teck, will be among the very first to pay court and homage to the father of the future queen of England.

AN EX-DIPLOMATIST

XMAS GLOVES

— 1/4 OFF. —

We are showing the finest display of HOLIDAY GLOVES, including all the latest shades.

25 per cent off on the Entire Line.

Our \$1.00 guaranteed Biarritz now \$.75
Our 1.00 guaranteed Brooks' now75
Our 1.00 five hook, Foster, Paul, every pair guaranteed, now75

Our 1.50 Foster, Paul, guaranteed Alberta now 1.13
Our 1.90 seven hook F. & P. Alberta now 1.42

On all the latest shades and evening gloves we give the same reduction.

THE BAZAR,

1023 O STREET.

This sale begins Saturday morning, December 19, and lasts until Christmas Eve.

M. RAYMOND, President. LEWIS GREGORY, Vice President. S. H. BURNHAM, Cashier. D. G. WING, Asst. Cashier.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK,

CAPITAL, \$200,000.00.

DIRECTORS:

M. RAYMOND, LEWIS GREGORY, S. H. BURNHAM, T. W. LOWREY, W. H. MCCREERY, C. H. MORRILL, A. J. SAWYER

Accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations and Individuals Solicited.

Wakened Up.

We will make some changes in our business the coming year and will offer the following line of goods at sacrificing figures:

No. 1 Royal Smyrna Rugs, 4 feet by 9 feet \$15.00
" " 4 " 7 " 4.95
" " 2 1/2 " 5 " 2.00
as low as65

Might shade these prices some if your conscience will stand it.

No. 2. Moyuell Rugs 3 feet by 6 feet 4.50 to 5.25

No. 3. Welton and Dag-Dag 3.25 to 3.75

No. 4. Table and Stand Covers just half price.

No. 5. Chemille Curtains *Away Down*.

No. 6. Lase curtains at *Your Own Prices*.

A few pieces very desirable in Real Lace (